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Nottingham gouger

NOTTINGHAM GOUGER

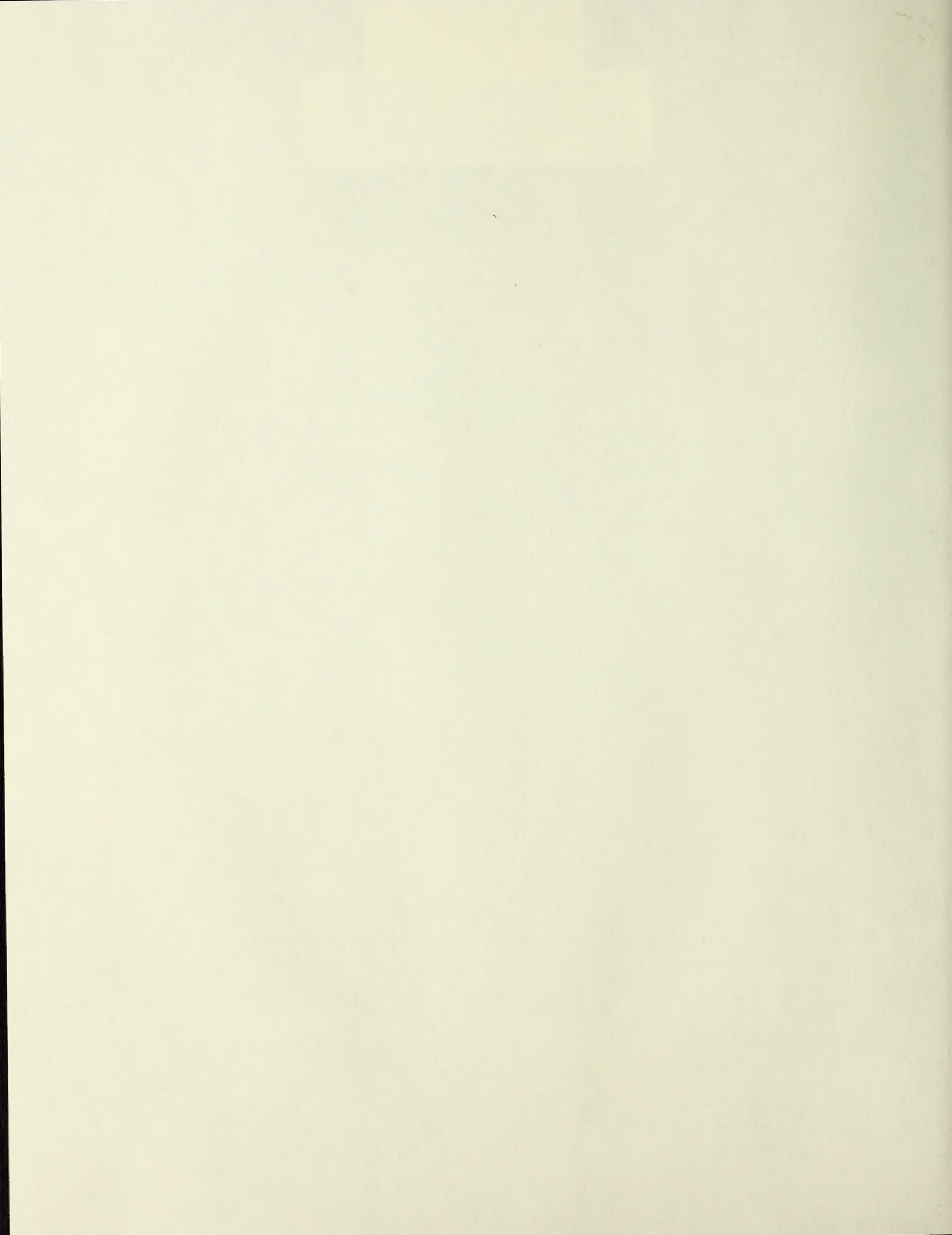
INDEPENDENT LITERARY
SOCIETY

VOLUME 2, NUMBER 2

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NOTTINGHAM GOUGER
INDEPENDENT LITERARY
SOCIETY

NOTTINGHAM GOUGER

**INDEPENDENT LITERARY
SOCIETY**

VOLUME 1, NUMBER 2

**These records were handwritten in 1867 by
John Griest**

**The original copies are in the possession of
Nina Stultz, Montpelier IN.**

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NOTTINGHAM COUGER

INDEPENDENT LITERARY
SOCIETY

VOLUME 1, NUMBER 2

These records were handwritten in 1847 by
John Gifford

The original copies are in the possession of
Miss Gifford, Manchester, EN.

Copied 1997

Donated by:

**William Edmundson
1710 Van Stone Dr.
Machesney Park, IL 61115**

When the people of Bellevue & vicinity
looked forward each week to the meeting
of the Literary Society? Generally the
meeting was held in the school house.

John Giest-
" Edmundson

J. C. White

L. S. Hofer

Wm. Ebborley

Joel Dove

Joe Ebborley

Allie Pagon

Jennie Pagon

Jillie Sutton

Imma Sutton

Elgie Giest

Clennie Parrott

H. H. Birdsell

Robert Ebborley

Donel "

S. Loman White

Robert Brownson

A. C. Ebborley

J. C. "

Wm. Edmundson

M. Brownson

Anneta Harris

Nora Pagon

1

The writer has some of

the names of some of the
members, copied from
the original minutes of
one of the meetings.

all H. of
Bellevue & vicinity
17-2-2

Wm. Giest-
J. Birdsell

Ruth Bond

C. B. Birdsell

Mary Ellen

B. E. Birdsell

H. "

Clara White

C. Shirk

Mothers Birdsell

A. Shirk

Hattie Sutton

P. D. Ebborley

Rachel Ann Edmundson

Lydian A. Burr

Lillie Pagon

Anneta Keene

Sarah Harris

Eva Pagon

Melvin Horn

Nora Pagon

William Grant

John Pagon

1

1

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NOTTINGHAM GONGER.

"Independence!"

Devoted to:
Intellectual and
Moral Improvement.

Vol. 1st. Nottingham, Ind. Mar. 15, 1867 No. 2.

The Nottingham Gonger is the organ of the Independent Society, organ of the school house, the Nottingham Ind. Well Co. Ind. Oct. 17th 1866, and is to be read before the society once in four weeks.

Thos. C. Scott
and
Nathaniel Scott } Editors

other way than by my own eyes; cannot lift the veil and look into the future more easily, or more correctly than others, and in all I say you must bear in mind that it is only my judgment in the matter. Some things I can say, however, as facts that need no exercise of judgment. First, about the timber. Sauk Centre is situated at the border of timber known as "the big woods," a small strip of timber about 300 miles long by about 40 miles wide on an average. At this time there is plenty of timber land, subject to entry, or homestead within from 3 to 6 miles of here.

From Minnesota.

We give below some extracts of a private letter to the editor of the Gonger, written at Sauk Centre, Minn. by J. R. C., in the fall of '66. (ed.)

+++++ You want the plain simple facts do you? Well, I cannot see things in any

As to the quality of the timber of Black Sand that packs hard and
 but generally, it is not so good as the Indiana timber, but answers very well all ordinary purposes. My friend says it is very good wagon timber. Our lumber sight will not last well. Some, however, is mostly oak, ash and Basswood; but some 25 or 30 miles from here there is plenty of good fine lumber at from \$12, to \$20 per thousand.

Stone is scarce, none for building purposes near here. Limestone is of a good quality but scarce and of the pebble, or round kind mostly. I don't know the price. There is good clay for brick; one kiln already burnt.

So far as I have seen or can learn, the roads cannot be beat in the world any time of year. They are far superior to the roads about Marion; too much sand there.

As to chances for home steads &c. In the immediate vicinity of this town, the soil is not very good. It is too sandy, not such a sand however, as is about Marion, but a kind of

Black Sand that packs hard and makes splendid roads. And in fact, along most of the streams, and along the lakeshores, the soil is of this nature. It produces very good crops while new, and in a wet season, but I fear it never, think otherwise.

There are some very nice lakes, which contain fish innumerable, but the chances for claims of prairie, timber, and water all joining cannot be found near this place, as all such chances are taken.

Of course a man can get such places second handed. But, as I have already intimated, the soil is not so good along the lakes. The water is very good in the wells.

I have to dig from 20 to 30 feet. The soil in the prairie all over the country so far as I have been, and away from the lakes and streams, is of the very best quality - deep rich loam with a good clay subsoil. Though the country is not flat, there is an abundance of splendid meadow land. I think there is 50, or 60 acres of splendid green land on each of my quarter

I located about four miles from
timber (i.e. timber at government
proxes) just because the land
suits me better. All the
timber I want is for firewood
and posts, as it is cheaper
to fence with lumber,
by going 20 to 30 miles from
here it is said a man can
get timber, prairie and wa-
ter joining, but it is good
enough for me here.

The crops look pretty well
for a dry season, but
here and all over the state
crops are not as heavy as
usual on account of the very
dry summer.

They raise the same kinds
of grains here that they do
in other portions of the state,
and to a good advantage.
The market, so far, is a home
market. Such a large imigra-
tion that it consumes all peo-
ple have to spare. Then the
"Red River country" off north
west of us, demands a large
amount of provisions &c, and
we supply them to some extent.
They are "half-breeds," French
&c, &c, who live principally
by trapping, hunting &c, &c.

The Mississippi River is nav-
igable, practically, only to St.
Paul, though they used to run a
boat, (a small steamer) up as
far as St. Cloud, sixty miles from
here. They are at work on that

R.R. of which you speak all
the time. The Cars are now run-
ning as far as Big Lake, (we
understand that the cars are
now running to St. Cloud, and
a daily stage, ^{delivered that day} to Sank Centre.

(Ed.) I understand that the
grant is so far changed, or
the Charter, that instead of
its running to Crow Wing,
they can, if they chose, run
it up the Sank Valley. Every-
thing is favorable to the chan-
ge. The country is very much
better, and there is much
more demand for a road
here than there, on account
of the Red River trade, which
is no trifling affair, so all
in all, I expect to see the
cars running here in the
course of five years or so,
and that is as soon as I can
about it.

Now about the game question.
The game here is not of the
troublesome kind.

Bear, Elk, Deer, Geese, Ducks,
Geese, Swans, Chickens &c. &c.

There are no Indians near
here. They sometimes come in
during the winter to trade
furs and skins for gunband
blankets, &c. Besides the com-
try is filling up so fast that
Indians would soon stand
a very poor chance in a
fight.

Now what a man can
do with a few hundred dollars
in this country you can tell
as well as I can. The place
is improving very fast indeed
in every respect.

Sheep do very well here and
are becoming quite com-
mon. Are worth about \$5.
per head. Horses are worth
from 150. to 200. \$, each.
Cattle (work) about 75.
to 175. \$ per year. Cows 40.
to 60. &c. ++++++

This City is growing rapidly.
About two years ago it com-
menced to grow, and now it
has four great variety stores,
Two hotels, one boarding-
house, a harness shop,
A shoe shop, a jeweler,
A tailor, A wagon shop,

A blacksmith shop (and
three other buildings). A
Saw-mill, A grist-mill, A
shingle machine and lathe-
saw, A Brewery in course of
construction; Any amount
of Whisky-mills, A Sawyer
or two, A Doctor &c. &c. &c. &c.
O, yes, a silver stable!

+++++ Now a man can get
a quarter section of land for
about \$110. by laying A grant-
tured college scrip on it.
And in the course of five years
I think it will be worth \$2000.

You cannot get a homestead
unless you are here personally;
but by sending a written ap-
plication you can have the
scrip sent for you, which
would answer the same pur-
pose as a "Military Warrant"
or the money. ++++++

It makes no difference how
much land or property a
man has, he can take a
claim under the Homestead
Act just as well. ++++++

A woman over 21 years of
age has the same right to
a homestead as a man has.
Either, under the law, must
become an actual settler.

Tell those ladies to come on
 and take I home-stead and
 I will show them around
 the country. I would not
 care if some nice young
 lady would join my
 claim! By I home-stead I
 mean, for it joins my other
 quarter. I would have neighbors
 + + + + + Could I have
 my choice, to be set down
 here with \$25. or in Indian
 with \$500., and had had
 no other object in view
 only to make money, I would
 say put me down here.
 Besides, the health of the
 two places; no comparison!
 + + + + + The place is settled
 mostly by Americans; but I
 understand that the Roman
 Catholics are going to build a
 brick meeting house next
 summer. The Methodists
 have regular preaching
 here every Sabbath I believe.
 + + + + + You see the dis-
 advantages, as well as advan-
 tages. I cannot think of any.
 I might give you some of
 the disadvantages an old back-
 hes to labor under in any
 country, but that might

not be what you want. O yes,
 the Mosquitoes are very bad
 at times, and the beet-bugs
 act outrageously. It is said
 they frequently pull travelers
 right out of bed at the hotel,
 and demand their lodging. + +
 Those who have lived both
 places, say the snow does not
 drift so badly here, as in the
 Southern part of the State.
 A Methodist Minister who
 wintered in this part of the
 State five winters, told me
 he never found any trouble
 in getting to his appoint-
 ments, and that he always
 had found it difficult, and
 sometimes impossible, in the
 Southern part of the State.

Selected. For the Songer.

Be True.

By H. Bonard, D.D.

Thou must be true thyself.
 If thou the truth wouldst teach,
 Thy soul must overflow, if thou
 Another's soul wouldst reach;
 It needs the overflow of hearts
 To give the lips full speech.

Thine truly,

6
Think truly, and thy thoughts
shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and the life shall be
A great and noble creed.

For the Sinner

I suppose I must see if
I can contribute something
for the support of your col-
umns, but what to write I
do not know. I stop to think,
and thoughts come crowding
up thick and fast, ^{but} utterance.
But they are so blunt, rough
and confused that I can scarce-
ly put them on paper so
that they will mean any
thing, or can be understood.

Now the thought comes to
me: can we tell what we know.
After thinking on this subject
and revolving it in my mind,
I come to the conclusion that
we can tell what we know
if we know it aright.
No doubt I will meet with
opposition here on this point.

But so much the better.
"Opposition is the life of
trade." I have made the
assertion, now for the proof.

Let us bear in mind that I made the
assertion thus: that we can
tell what we know if we know
it aright. We may skim over
a subject; think we understand
it perfectly; we may even have
a faint impression on the
mind. But when we come to
call upon this subject, or want
to express it, we find to our
sorrow and shame very often,
that it is not there. Then we
find that we do not know it,
and why? because it is not
learned thoroughly.

Take for instance a theorem
in Algebra. You may go
over it, think you understand
it thoroughly and perhaps
may be able to solve some
simple problem, immedi-
ately connection with the
theorem, and pass it by
for learned. But when we
would refer to this principle
separate, and apart from the
rule we find to our deep sur-
prise that we do not
learn it aright. Just so
with everything else, unless
it is instilled into our very
existence and becomes, as it
were, a part of our nature.

We all know that before
food will nourish the
physical system it must come, gone, gone, youth, health, come
be taken into the stomach, fort, life, all gone. what a short-
digested and the nutritive part time it seems, since child hood's
now taken up by the lacteals sunny years were mine. Oh! happy,
and conveyed through the happy time, when not a shadow of
system and become a part sorrow ever crossed my path, and
of our physical organization, my little innocent lips never kept
then it will strengthen us, eat a sinful woad.
then it will reap the bow. And then it seems but yesterday,
effit of the food. since bright, merry youth with
so it is with subject matter per all its rosy dreams and witching
taming to the cultivation and charms, was mine. Oh! the sweet
strengthening the mind. pleasure, the blissed enjoyment of
It must first be drank or taken that time. The association of ideas
into the mind, then digested, eat friends, and an unbroken circle
huddled, revolved, thought that nightly gathered round the
upon, talked about until old hearth-stone, and made the
it is completely mixed hours of ever glide swiftly by.
up with the mind; and Ah! I did not think then that age
becomes a part of it, then would come so soon, and like the
it will do you some autumn frost, blight and wither
good; then, refer to it when all the flowers of youth, and bring
you will it is always red withered, locks, wrinkled brow, and
dry, and you can express its palsied frame. Strength has failed
free and easy and without sight is lost, and reason has almost
embarrassment; than you fleet. Where are the golden tresses
would not hear so many say: that were once the pride of my life?
I know but can't tell. When I These snowy locks cannot be the same
hear any one say this, I think at Where are the sparkling eyes, the glow
once that he has not taken pains to of health upon the cheek, the light,
learn it aright. He has bought merry heart, all that rendered life so pleasant.

For the longer

So charming. Are all gone? Yes, all gone. Three score years and ten, all spent in vanity, have passed like a meteor, and left me shivering on the brink of an awful grave.

Yes, death is staring me in the face.

I feel his cold, frightful touch.

Home, friends, and wealth are mine.

All through my life, what a comfort, what a blessing they have been, but now they cannot silence the voice of the grim monster. Oh! the horrors of a dying hour! The awful, the dreadful thoughts of eternity that will intrude themselves upon me.

I pray for annihilation, for anything but this terrible death.

Where is the peace, the joy, the ecstasy, that some enjoy in death?

Why did I not spend the bright sunny years of youth, so that this hour might have been crowded

with reminiscences of a holy life, instead of vain regrets. But I

was living living for the present,

I cared not for the future. Oh! blessed hours return, I cannot—dare—

not die! Where have you gone?

Ah! echo sounds where? But away.

Back through the flowery plains

of the past, comes a cold, hollow

murmur, never more, never more!

Mornings gentle light stole through the lattice; a soft sweet breeze came stealing by, and brought the light, sweet notes of a little twilight-warbler.

I awoke! — Youth's years were still upon me, and Oh! never was there a more thankful heart, for so rich a blessing. But never shall I forget the indescribable horrors of a waning life, with no hope for the future, no solace in that trying hour.

Victoria Severel.

Wanted!

A shoe for the foot of a mountain.

A glove for the hand of nature.

A mitten to cover the finger of

scorn. Blood from an artery of the sea.

A piece of the horn of a Dilemma.

Also, some leaves from the bank

of a river, or some hair

from the head of navigation.

But especially some cream

from the milk of Human Kind-

ness. — address — H. A. B. through

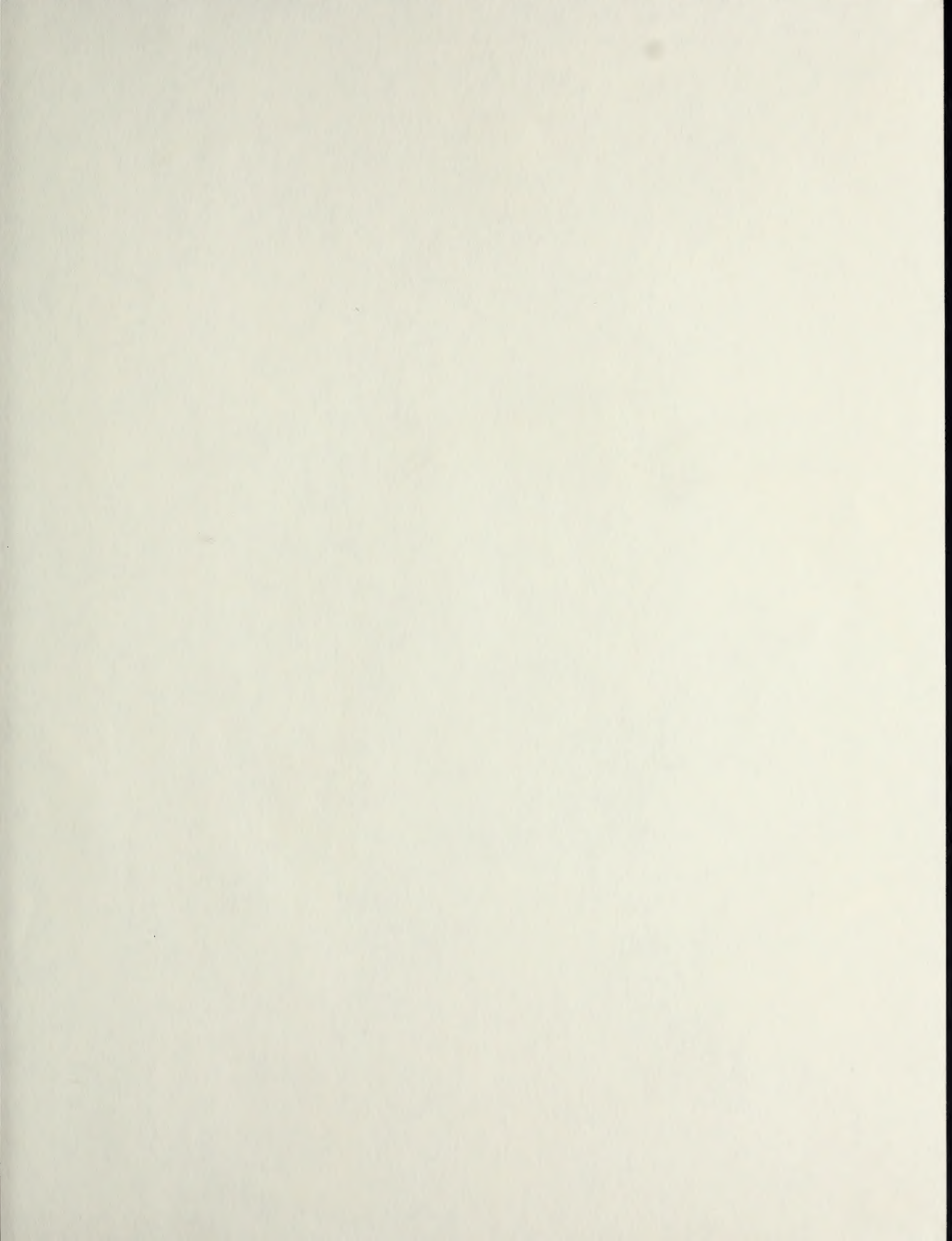
the W. Conger. I. Another wants

Two quill pens from the

wings of time, to write the

history of the Pittingham Conger.





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